The Nightingales Song, Or, the Souldiers Rare musick,

And maids Recreation.

This Song adviseth Maidens to have a care,
And of Souldiers Snap-locks to beware.

The Tune is, *No, no, no, not I*; Or, *Pegg and the Souldier.*

AS I went forth,
one Sun-shining day,
A dainty young couple
were gathering May:
The one a fair Damosel,
of beauty most clear,
The other a Souldier,
as it doth appear.

With kisses and complements,
to her he said,
Good-morrow sweet Honey,
thou well-favour'd Maid,
I think my self happy,
I met with you here,
As you are a Virgin,
and I a Souldier.

And now if you pleased be,
I will you bring,
Whereas you shall hear,
the sweet Nightingale sing
With other rare pastimes,
my self shall be try'd,

Sweet Sir (said the Damosel)
if you will do so,
Then hand in hand with you,
along I will go;
It is Recreation,
for Maids in the Spring,
To see Flowers grow,
and hear Nightingals sing.

And having thus spoken,
together they went
Unto a merry green-wood
where some time they spent;
In walking and talking
of many a odd thing
But yet could not hear,
the Nightingale sing.

A dainty clear [illegible]
was [illegible]
A [illegible]

The Maid seem'd unwilling,
and said she'd be gone,
And yet she was loath
for to leave him alone,
At last she resolved,
her self to this thing,
To stay till they heard,
the sweet Nightingale sing.

Amongst the sweet Flowers,
they straight way sat down,
The young man in kindness,
gave her a green gown:
He also presented
to her a Gold Ring,
Cause she should stay there,
till the sweet Nightingale sing.

And having thus done,
[illegible] middle,

THen now said the Souldier,
'tis time to give o're,
May prethee (quoth she) play
me one tune more:
I like both the setting
and tuning the string,
Far better then hearing,
the Nightingale sing.
He struck up his Musick
unto a high strain,
And plaid the Tune over,
again and again:
Gramercy brave Souldier,
quoth she, that didst bring,
Me hither, to hear the rare
Nightingale sing.
Their sport being ended,
then homeward they went,
Each one thought the time,
to be very well spent:
It was (quoth the Damosel)
a very rare thing,
Whilst thou plaid'st thy part,
to hear the Nightingale sing.
At last with a deep sigh,
[illegible] words spake she,
[illegible] good Souldier,
[illegible] me.
Else my lasty pleasure,
sweet sorrows will bring,
And I may repent I heard,
the Nightingale sing.
Oh no, quoth the Souldier,
I may not do so,
Along with my Captain,
to morrow I must go:
But if I come this way,
again the next Spring,
We'l walk once more to hear,
the Nightingale sing.
You Maids of the City,
and Country, that be,
Addicted to pleasure,
take warning by me,
Let no flattering Young-men,
tempt ye to this thing,
To go to the wood to hear,
the Nightingale sing.
Make bargain beforehand,
for fear you miscarry,
Know whether or no they are
minded to Marry:
If I had been wise, and
had done such a [illegible]
I [illegible]